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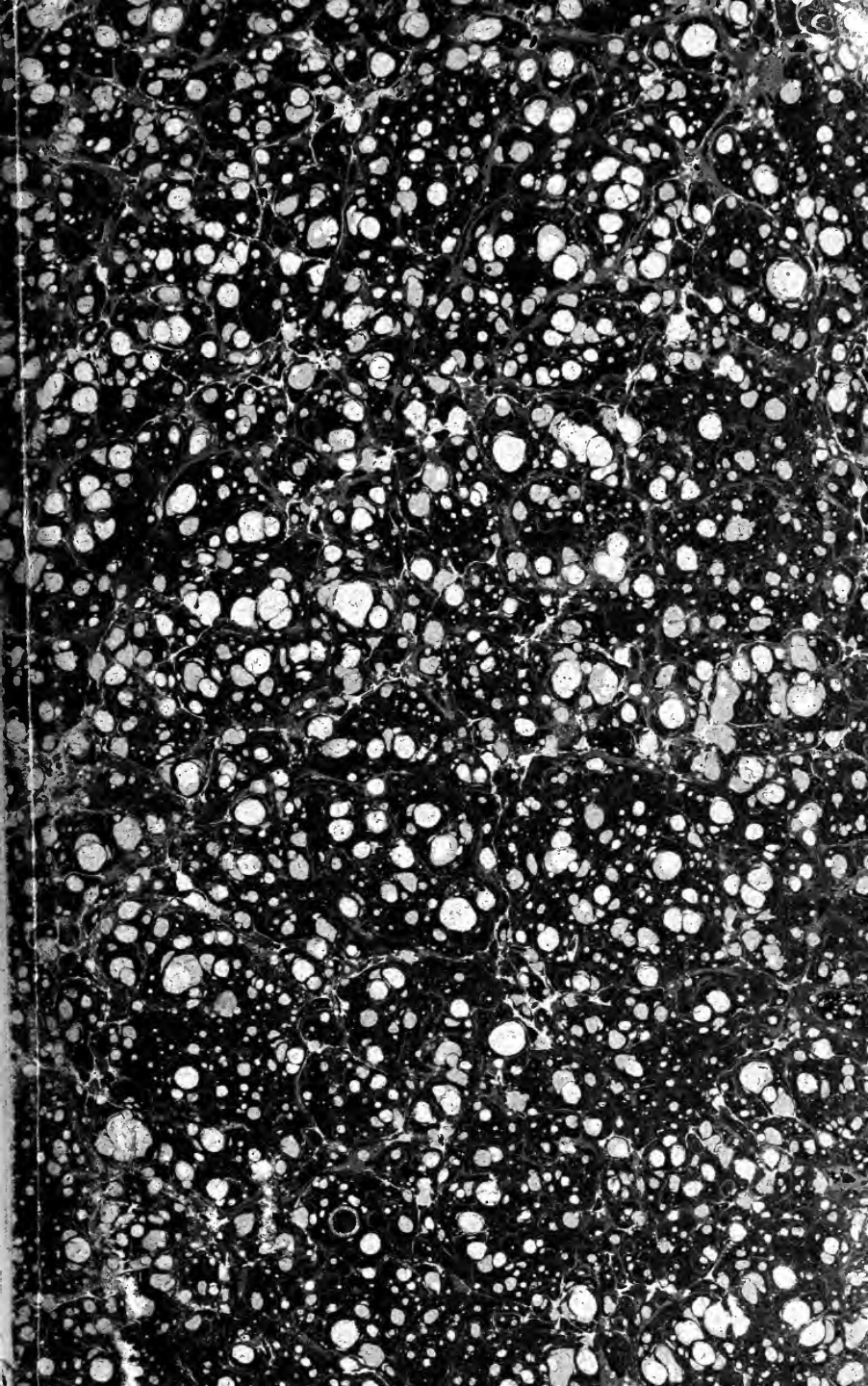
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John G. Schiller

PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT

OF

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

TO FRIENDS' SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Tenth Month, 24th, 1884

CAMBRIDGE

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—❦— FRIENDS BOARDING SCHOOL —❦—

PROCEEDINGS.

THE gift to the Friends' School, by Charles F. Coffin, of Lynn, Mass., of a portrait of John Greenleaf Whittier, was the result of the donor's wish to contribute to the institution a lasting memorial of the beloved and venerable poet.

Mr. Coffin entered the school as a pupil forty-five years ago, and was afterward a teacher in it. He is now, and has been for many years, a member of the "Committee in charge of the institution."

The portrait was painted by Edgar Parker, of Boston. It is life-size, representing Mr. Whittier sitting in an arm-chair in an attitude of peaceful thought. The portrait is in a heavy gilt frame, the principal feature of which is a moulding of laurel leaves in relief. The picture is hung in Alumni Hall, over the platform, and behind it is draped a curtain of rich maroon plush.

On the evening of 10th Mo., 23d, the students of the Senior Class in the school gave recitations of Whittier's poetry and prose, and original declamations on the poet and his works.

On Friday morning, the 24th, the ceremonies were resumed at the school, at 10.30 o'clock. Everything seemed to have been prearranged for this beautiful and public recognition of the sterling worth of the poet, whose writings, pervaded with the peace which prevailed in and filled his soul, have brought so many hours of comfort and relief to troubled minds, and won for him an abiding place in the hearts of the American people. The sun shone brightly upon the grand old institution, with its beautiful surroundings of foliage and shrubbery, barely touched as yet by the early frost. All nature seemed to welcome to the historic spot the large number of people who had gathered to do honor to Whittier.

The exercises of the day were held in Alumni Hall, which had been tastefully decorated for this occasion. On either side of the platform were banks of bright green pines, ferns, and exotics. Standing on the main floor, and directly in front of the centre of the stage, was a large floral harp. The base of the harp was of laurel leaves, while a wreath of laurel was suspended to the platform, behind the harp, in such a manner as to make it appear a part of it. The other decorations were in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Suspended on the walls were portraits of other American poets, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, and Emerson, and of Phillips and Haw-

thorne. Placed about the hall were busts of Agassiz, Sumner, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer. These busts were draped with smilax. The bust of John Bright, given to the school a year ago, was fittingly decorated with smilax. On the wall, over the doorway, was a maroon-colored tablet, on which was inscribed in letters of gold : —

“I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond his love and care.”

One of the pleasant features of the occasion was the announcement that before another twelve months had passed away a generous patron of the school is to give to it a marble bust of Elizabeth Fry, which will occupy a space to the right of the platform, and opposite the space devoted to the bust of John Bright.

The attendance at the morning exercises was all that could have been desired, especially of the alumni, who came back to the old halls and trod the old paths once more with a feeling of pride in the institution that had so carefully nurtured their earlier life and made them honored and respected members of this and other communities. The centre of the hall was devoted to the use of the members of the school. And directly in front of the platform were seated Caroline Johnson, Abby J. Woodman, and her young daugh-

ter, Phebe Woodman, members of the charming household at Oak Knoll.

Upon the platform were His Honor Thomas A. Doyle, Elizabeth B. Chace, Julia Ward Howe, Clark Shove, Hon. Jonathan Chace, of Valley Falls; Hon. George Howland, Jr., of New Bedford; Samuel R. Buffinton, of Fall River; James H. Chace, of Providence; Benjamin F. Knowles, of South Manchester, Conn.; Hon. Peter M. Neal, of Lynn, Mass.; Hon. James N. Buffum; Dr. Charles H. Nichols, M. D., LL. D.;¹ Elizabeth H. Austin, of Providence; Ellen K. Buffum, of Providence; Sylvia G. Howland, of New Bedford; Esther Jones, of Deering, Maine; Ruth S. Murray, of New Bedford; Rebecca A. Steere, of Providence; Sarah F. Tobey, of Providence; Deborah W. Crossman, of Lynn, Mass.; Obediah Chace, of Warren, R. I.; Gertrude W. Cartland, of Newburyport, Mass., a cousin of the poet, and Richard Battey, of Woonsocket.

The assemblage was called to order by the principal of the school, Augustine Jones, who requested that the exercises should open with silent prayer, following which, without any formalities, he introduced the orator of the day, Thomas Chase, LL. D., President of Haverford College, who spoke as follows:—

¹ Superintendent of Bloomingdale Asylum, New York. A pupil in the school in 1834, and a teacher in 1840.

ORATION BY PRESIDENT THOMAS CHASE, LL. D.¹

“Let us praise famous men,” saith the wise son of Sirach : “the Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning ; men giving counsel by their understanding and declaring prophecies ; leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions ; such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing.” Far from me to-day be words of fulsome eulogy ; but it is meet for us to recognize great gifts of our Creator employed to his honor in the service of mankind ; it is meet to stimulate ourselves to greater faithfulness by contemplating a great example ; it is meet to pay respect, as we do now, to one who has been to many — shall I not say to all of us ? — an instructor and a consoler, suggesting sweet fancies, inspiring a love of freedom, and arousing all noble resolves, as he has enshrined in undying verse the lessons taught him by the voices of nature and by that

“Spirit that doth prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure.”

Especially is it meet to place before the eyes of the young the lifelike image of one whose words are worthy of their loving study, and whose example is pure and ennobling. In this venerable

¹ Thomas Chase was a pupil in the school in 1840.

seat of learning, dedicated to those lofty truths of the spirit which are taught by our Lord and Master, and to the love of God and man, it is meet that the likeness of John Greenleaf Whittier should hang in congenial neighborhood to the bust of John Bright. And if ever the Society that reared these walls, and has sent hither so many of its sons and daughters for their intellectual and moral and religious training, shall prove recreant to those principles which that Society has always proclaimed, and of which these great men have been the unfailing champions; or if the leaders in thought and culture in our land shall prove recreant to those noble purposes and high aims which should always mark men who have received the gift of genius and who make up the glorious guild of authors, — may some indignant orator on this platform, appealing not in vain to these, our heroes, call upon those deep-set, burning eyes of the poet to flash in indignation, and on those mobile lips of the orator to open in rebuke.

I have been asked to speak to you on Whittier as a poet. Let us attempt at first some answer — perhaps a very imperfect one — to the question, "What is poetry?" It is an answer which is true as far as it goes to say that poetry is a form of artistic composition, whose object is to please; that it differs from science, history, argumentative composition, and ordinary prose,

in aiming at beauty, not merely or primarily at truth ; and that accordingly, in form and diction, it departs from the ordinary and commonplace, and seeks the aid often of rhyme, and perhaps always of some kind of metre, of elegant language, and of metaphor and other figures of speech ; and that especially it is the mouthpiece not of reasoning, but of fancy and imagination. But all this fails to reach the heart of the matter. That poetry is the voice of fancy and imagination is the nearest approach, among these statements, to a true definition ; but writing may have all the qualities I have named, and yet not be poetry in the highest sense. These are little more than the poet's robes and his instruments. What is the function he himself performs by their aid ? What is the proper purpose of his existence ?

First. The poet is a Seer ; by which I mean not so much one who foresees the future as one who discerns the present, and follows and understands both the thought and the action of his day ; one who has a deep insight into the heart of things, looking below their outward shows, and seeing them as they really are ; one who discerns the elemental truths which underlie our destinies and our lives ; who sees the full significance of common, every-day experiences, and reads the meaning of laughter and of tears ; whose heart keeps time to the still, sad music of humanity,

while it also throbs responsive to the trumpet notes of conflict and the pæans of victory. The great bards of history have not sung merely to amuse. They read the meaning of life; they learned by their own suffering, or by sympathy with the suffering of others, what they taught in song. Homer shows us, says Goethe, that man in his life above ground enacts hell (he does, and he shows us much more). The Greek tragedians, Milton tells us, unfold the mysteries

“Of fate and chance and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.”

“Virgil,” says Cardinal Newman, “gives utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time;” Dante transmits to us the deepest thought and the most earnest feeling of the Middle Ages; Shakespeare, in the full springtime of our modern epoch, portrayed every characteristic, every capacity, nay, every yet untried possibility, of our human nature; Milton, with the ripest scholarship and the brightest genius, inspired by a religious and moral earnestness which was the noblest fruit of Puritanism, passing the flaming bounds of space and time, saw and reported to us the vision, —

“The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze.”

Goethe was a grand example of the length and breadth of modern learning before it had begun to narrow itself into specialties as in our day; and, —

“Physician of the iron age,
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !*”

The great poets are men that KNOW.

Secondly. The poets are men that FEEL — feel more quickly, more deeply, more intensely than other men. Poetry is preëminently the language of passion. The quick emotion of the poet corresponds to his quick intelligence: he sees and his heart beats; he hears and his blood boils. Nor are his the fiercer passions alone; all the gentlest, deepest, holiest feelings are his also; not noisy, not agitating, but flowing in full, strong stream through the deep and quiet caves in the ocean of his heart. His is “the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love,” — the love of all that is beautiful and good. And because the poet feels, himself, he touches the heart of others. The fire of patriotic ardor burns in his breast, his indignation at tyranny and wrong blazes forth, and his words stir up a whole people to self-sacrifice and daring; the sweet passion of love swells his soul, and a nation’s heart beats responsive to his own. His intensity of feeling kindles in our

breasts a kindred flame, and he becomes our inspirer, our leader, and our guide.

Thirdly. Of all that he thus sees and feels, the poet is the VOICE: a voice which sounds forth what is deepest, truest, best in nature and in life; what lies hidden half unconsciously to themselves in the bottom of the hearts of his fellow-men, and would have remained inarticulate without his aid. Most of us are engrossed in our farms, our shops, or our merchandise, or the cares and details of professional life; even if we have the ability, we have not the time nor the opportunity to utter our deepest feelings in forms which win ready admission to the ear and the heart. Many of us need the aid of one who shall reveal what is best within us even to ourselves. Especially do we welcome one who gives graceful and attractive expression to our best sentiments and noblest loves; who sings of homes and hearths; of love's young dream; of love's soberer but deeper and sweeter realities; of our country, and freedom, and the brotherhood of mankind; of nature and her myriad voices; of heaven and of God. We prize the poet because the great heart of humanity has found in him its voice.

And what more is the function of him who thus sees and feels and speaks? First, it is the mission of the poet to delight. Nor is this a low or insignificant mission. All true and noble pleasure, like beauty, is its own excuse.

The poet takes us out of ourselves. By the inventions of his imagination and the ornaments of his fancy we are transported from this dusty, noisy, care-beset world to brighter realms, where for a while we revel in visions of beauty, and find that ideal scenes and joys and pains can touch us as profoundly as the real.

But the poet has a higher function still. He is the servant of the truth and the right. He yokes beauty to their car, and by aiding their progress aids the cause of God and man. Such at least have been, to a greater or less degree, the sense and endeavor of the greatest bards of all ages. Even if we admit that that may be poetry which aims only at beauty and delight, disclaiming any moral purpose and any direct aim at truth, it is not the noblest poetry, it is not the poetry which the world takes to its heart and will not suffer to die. The true poet pleases, but at the same time, mixing beauty and use, although he does not lecture or preach, he pleads at least indirectly for the good and the true.

Let us judge Whittier in the light of these definitions. Has he not shown himself, in many ways, to be a seer, who can feel, and can speak? Has he not touched our hearts? Has he not said what we were burning to have said? Has he not given us delight? Has he not consecrated his gifts of song to the service of his fellow-men and his God?

12 RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.

We will begin with the field in which alone his service would render him immortal, — the field of the anti-slavery struggle. How clear the insight of our seer! how loud and bold his voice! At first the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the wilderness of indifference, selfishness, insensibility, political subserviency, and time-serving. But Whittier was equal to his task.

“Deeply he felt; and stern and strong
His soul spoke out against the wrong.”

His cry of indignation tingled in many a sluggish ear: —

“What ho! our countrymen in chains,
The whip on woman’s shrinking flesh?
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh?
What, mothers from their children riven?
What, God’s own image bought and sold,
Americans to market driven
And bartered as the brute for gold?”

“Oh rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
The gathered wrath of God and man. . . .
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up, up! why will ye slumber, where
The sleeper only wakes in death?”

When Calhoun’s bill was passed excluding all “papers written or printed, touching the subject of slavery, from the United States post-office,” he was one of the few who saw and felt all that the

measure meant of future menace and of present degradation, and his appeal rang forth : —

“ Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name let us speak while there is time !
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
Silence is crime ! ”

When the Rebellion came, the North felt dumbly at first, and grew soon to perceive clearly that something deeper far than any question of constitutional law or of nationality was involved in the struggle, and that its real significance was the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. Thanks to the noble men and women who had so long labored, apparently with so little effect, to enlighten and arouse the conscience of the nation, — thanks to the Society of Friends, with its emphatic protest of visiting the offense of slave-owning with excommunication, — thanks to the faithful muse of Whittier, the seed of love of freedom and hatred of slavery had been widely sown ; and though it had lain for years idle in the ground, in the elemental convulsion of those battle years, the rain and the sunlight of heaven beat in upon it, and it germinated and grew up and bore a rich and abundant harvest. It was the anti-slavery sentiment of the people that nerved the North up to the lavish sacrifices of blood and treasure by which the victory was won. It was abhorrence of slavery

14 RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.

which urged so many of the best and noblest of our youth to the field, even, in not a few instances, in spite of their abhorrence of war. But even after the nation was fully aroused, — partly by those earlier voices of its seers and prophets to which it had paid so little heed at first, partly by the stern shock of war, — the government was hampered by considerations, foreign to such grand times of crisis, of parchment legality and constitutionality, and forbore to aim its weapons directly at its real foe. Then, when Freedom, —

“Through weary day and night
But watched a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright,” —

our poet's voice became the voice of the whole people, as he demanded that we should “strike at the *cause* as well as consequence;” asking, in words rugged and vigorous as those of Luther's hymn, on which they are modeled, —

“What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?
Hark to the answer: Slavery!

“Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.

God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon.

O, North and South,

Its victims both,

Can you not cry

'Let slavery die!'

And union find in freedom?"

And though the message of deliverance came at
last,—

"Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,

But heralded by roll of drums

On waves of battled-troubled air,"—

at the end of that fierce war which had caused
so many heart-breaks, whose voice was so fit as
his to sound the nation's anthem of victory and
thanksgiving on the passage of the constitutional
amendment abolishing slavery?

"It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun

Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!

How the great guns, peal on peal,

Fling the joy from town to town!

"Let us kneel;

God's own voice is in that peal

And this spot is holy ground.

Lord, forgive us! What are we

That our eyes this glory see,

That our ears have heard the sound?

"Did we dare

In our agony of prayer

16 RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.

Ask for more than He has done ?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

“ How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise ! ”

One of the grandest chapters of the history of the human race was now closed, and Whittier's name, which had appeared on many of its previous pages, was inscribed imperishably at the end. Thank God, that the poet who in early manhood had consecrated his life to the warfare against a gigantic crime, and who had borne so manfully persecution and scorn in the battle, was permitted to see and to sing the victory which his verses had done so much to hasten and secure !

Nor has Whittier's muse been silent in other philanthropic movements. It has attacked imprisonment for debt, the gallows, intemperance, and war, and it has sent forth its notes of lofty cheer to the reformers in England and the friends of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Indeed, it is perhaps as a poet of reform that Whittier has become most conspicuous, although I do not think this his most essential

characteristic. His heart glows with sympathy for the oppressed, the afflicted, the fallen, and the outcast, and burns with

“A hate of tyranny intense
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if his brother's pain and sorrow were his own.”

A large part of his verse has been prompted by a sense of duty to his fellow-men. Grateful for

“The great boon of living
In grand historic years, when Liberty
Had need of word and work,”

with noble self-sacrifice he abandoned the flowery paths of romance and the fields of art for the rugged and prosaic scenes where his brother-men were toiling and suffering. Hear his own words : —

“Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—
The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,
For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to me some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales,
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales,
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails—
Lost barks, at parting hung from stem to helm
With prayers of love, like dreams on Virgil's elm.”

But with what gain to himself as a man was this self-renunciation, though haply with some

loss to his achievement as an artist, — a loss, however, not without compensations, even in a literary and æsthetic sense. With what fires has his verse been lit up by the vehemence of his sense of wrong; with what pathos has it been softened by his compassion with human suffering! And the perpetuity of his name would be secured — if it were not secure before — by his connection with the anti-slavery struggle alone.

But Whittier has won brightest laurels in those fields also to which poets confine themselves, who think Pegasus out of place in the dusty paths of politics and philanthropy, and excels as a poet of nature, of legend, and of human life. His verse flows now with a melody like that of a mountain brook, now with full stream like a majestic river, now, especially in some of his reform poems, like a hoarse torrent, and now with a grandeur like that of a Hebrew prophet, as when he invokes

“Our fathers’ God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand.”

It is lit up with the sweetest gleams of fancy, and often ennobled with the grandest imaginations. Nor is it lacking in an occasional touch of genuine humor, as in “The Demon of the Study,” and “Abraham Morrison.”

As a poet of nature, with how sure a hand has Whittier painted our American scenery, particularly in New England and Eastern Pennsyl-

vania; with what sure instinct, too, he seizes from the descriptions of travelers the most characteristic features of landscapes on which his own eyes never rested! No one has felt better than he the power of nature to console and soothe, to feed the heart with scenes of unfading beauty, to teach the love of God.

“Life’s burdens fall, its discords cease,
We lapse into the glad release
Of Nature’s own exceeding peace,” —

as he leads us beside “The Lake of the Northland,” or we breathe with him the air of the early dawn as he departs: —

“Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

“Shall hide beyond yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandaled, walk the lake.”

How well he paints the transfiguring of the mountain rock in the sunset light, and shows the permanence of the lessons which nature has for the soul, in his “Sunset on the Bearcamp”: —

“Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God’s great pictures hung.

How changed the summits vast and old !
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist ; the rock
Is softer than the cloud ;
The valley holds its breath ; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled ;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

“ What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair ?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
Those purple veils of air ?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down ?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown.

“ Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all ;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.

“ No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I trod,
Of him who loved them well.
But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast ;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed, —
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime ;

As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-blown flowers,
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours."

How well put the lesson, in "The Seeking of the Waterfall," that —

"Every wish for better things
 An undreamed beauty nearer brings!"

How beautiful those lines to Avis Keene, on receiving from her a basket of sea-mosses — (it is a great pleasure to all who knew that noble and large-minded woman to see her name forever associated with such sweet and lofty verse) — teaching from ocean moss, —

"The many colored skies,
 The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,
 The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings
 The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,
 The brightness of the human countenance,
 Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
 That beauty, in and of itself, is good," —

and that, —

"Evermore,
 On sky, and wave, and shore,
 An all-pervading beauty seems to say:
 God's love and power are one."

The eye that looks so fondly upon nature dwells with a kindred insight upon the beauties

of art. I have always admired Whittier's characterizations of Raphael's pictures : —

“ There drooped thy more than mortal face,
O Mother, beautiful and mild,
Enfolding, in one dear embrace,
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

“ The rapt brow of the desert John ;
The awful glory of that day
When all the Father's brightness shone
Through manhood's veil of clay.

“ And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild,
Dark visions of the days of old,
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
Through locks of brown and gold !”

For a broad, general classification, we may refer Whittier's poems not comprised in the two classes already named to the title, “ Poems of Human Life.” Among these, his historical and legendary poems are masterpieces of their kind, and most valuable records of our early history. How much more truthful and more vivid is our idea of our colonial times, of the Indians and their ways, of the persecution of the Quakers, the witchcraft delusion, the early settlers of New England and Pennsylvania, than it would be without our poet's charming verses !

His ballads are particularly admirable ; indeed, he is the foremost ballad-writer of our day. It is no easy thing to write a good ballad. It requires

the qualities of a good story-teller together with poetic grace and inspiration ; a union of directness, simplicity, and strength, of picturesqueness and rapid movement, which seems denied to most of our modern writers. Several of Whittier's ballads will always be counted in the first class of poems of this kind. In clear, bold strokes he paints the characters and the scene, and brings them living before you with a Homeric simplicity and picturesqueness of style, directness, and vigor. "Barclay of Ury," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cassandra Southwick," "Kathleen," "The Witch of Wenham," and "The Exiles," are signal examples of the success of our poet as a ballad maker.

Of a kindred excellence are Whittier's narrative poems. Indeed, the line is sometimes a hard one to draw between the narrative poem and the ballad proper. The ballad is lyric ; the narrative poem (though often short) is epic ; the ballad is directer and often simpler in its story-telling, and it does not stay for reflection or moralizing, unless in the simplest way, as in that exquisite change in the refrain of the "Skipper's Ride," "*Poor Flud Oirson*." Whittier's narratives, however, all have the life-likeness and vigor of the ballad. In these verses, how some noble man or woman, with his noble deed, stands out immortal ! Barbara Frietchie snatching the banner from its broken staff and waving it in the face of the rebel horde, and crying, —

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” —

and the quick response from the noble heart of
Stonewall Jackson to her noble deed ; Abraham
Davenport, —

“Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,” —

with his “Bring in the candles!” Nauhaught,
the deacon, saying, “Who hath lost aught to-
day?” and “Yea, in God’s name I take it, with
a poor man’s thanks.” In many other poems
Whittier’s wonderful gift of painting persons and
characters appears. The memorial verses, in
which he has enshrined the memory of so many
of his friends, abound in happy touches which
perpetuate their traits. He has made large inci-
dental contributions to the biography and history
both of earlier times and our own. Lincoln’s
“sad eyes,” “worn frame,” and “care-lined face,”
live on his canvas. Webster stands there, not
only in “Ichabod,” that sternest, saddest rebuke
that poet ever penned, but also where Whittier
has gladly recognized in him so much that was
good and great, in “The Lost Occasion” : —

“With eyes of power and Jove’s own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
His home horizon’s granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,

New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian ;”

Sumner, too : —

“Lifted, like Saul, above the crowd,
Upon whose kingly forehead fell
The first sharp bolt of slavery's cloud ;”

to whom when God's voice came, —

“Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these,
He heard and answered, ‘Here am I.’
How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand !
Proud was he ? If his presence kept
Its grandeur whereso'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demigod,
None failed at least to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;”

Rantoul stands out on that canvas ; and Dr. Howe,
“a knight like Bayard ;” and William Francis
Bartlett, —

“Whose failing hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave ;”

and Joseph Sturge, —

“Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side ;”

and William Lloyd Garrison,—

“Not for thyself, but for the slave
 Thy words of thunder shook the world;
 No selfish griefs or hatred gave
 The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

“From lips that Sinai’s trumpet blew
 We heard a tender undersong;
 Thy very wrath from pity grew,
 From love of man thy hate of wrong.”

Whittier’s ideal creations have a similar life-likeness. I would cite as examples, “The Henchman,” and “The Knight of St. John.”

In “Snow-Bound” and “The Pennsylvania Pilgrim,” American literature boasts its two best pastorals. They, too, are of great historical as well as literary value. In “Snow-Bound” is enshrined the memory of the best days and the genuine features of New England; the days when wars with Indian, witch, and red-coat had ceased, and Peace brooded over all her fields; the days when New England was still New *England*. The scene was one of those country farm-houses which were scattered over the land, inhabited by people sturdy, industrious, God-fearing, benevolent, intelligent; people who, though having few books, were not without glimpses of the lore of Greece and Rome, and of that great world, the echo of whose roar fell gently at their feet. Very dear to the hearts of all those whose childhood and youth were passed in a similar home, very pre-

cious in all time to come as a picture of rural life in the good old days, are the descriptions here given of the "nightly chores" about the house and barn, the old kitchen bursting into rosy bloom as the huge fire is lighted in its wide chimney, the crane and hooks and the Turks' heads on the andirons glowing in the blaze, the family gathered around the clean-winged hearth, the house-dog on his paws outspread, and the cat dozing before the fire, while

"The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood ; "

of the love for each other of the members of that household gathered around that hearth ; of the intelligent visitors who enlivened their winter evenings ; of the weekly visit of the newspaper ; and then of wintry scenes : the winds that roared, the snow that sifted through the wall and piled up its drifts without, the tunneled pathway dug through it to the barn, and the neighbors turning out with their oxen to break the road.

"From scenes like these" New England's "grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

A similar service is rendered to Eastern Pennsylvania in the lifelike and beautiful descriptions in the "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," both of her scenery and of her early Quaker and German settlers,

a people than whom none in the early annals of America is more worthy of lasting and loving commemoration.

"The Songs of Labor," which also belong to the poems of Human Life, recognize the dignity of toil, and show our poet's quick sympathy with every mode of life and form of occupation, —

"Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working
brain.

"The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

"A blessing now, a curse no more;
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law."

I come now to what I regard as the noblest fruit of Whittier's muse, deepest of all his strains, dearest to the thoughtful heart, his verses of faith, and aspiration, and trust, — those songs of the spirit which could flow only from a soul which through deepest experience, through honor and dishonor, through evil report and good report,

through sorrow and temptation and trial, had attained at last to peace with itself and its Maker, the peace that passeth understanding, the token of a life hid with Christ in God. Let me read some of these verses, — verses to which any words of criticism or of exposition would be but an injury.

“I mourn no more my vanished years ;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

“No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

“The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

“Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

“The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

“Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;

30 *RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.*

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;

"That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

"That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

And that kindred strain : —

"I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight ;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

"No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead his love for love.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;

No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

And again, of "Our Master" : —

"In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

"No fable old, nor mystic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers ;
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years, —

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

"O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

"The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own,

Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

“Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee;

“Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.”

Those verses shine like the stars of heaven from the depths of a serene calm. But at the same time they bring very near our own hearts the heart from which they flow; and while they heighten our admiration of the poet, they make us know better, and love more warmly, the man.

And how pleasant are all the directer glimpses he gives us of himself and his surroundings; the portraits of his family in “Snow-Bound” and elsewhere: the father, prompt and decisive, wasting no breath when any work was to be done, but full of interesting talk at the fireside of New England tale and legend, and of his own ride on Memphremagog’s wooded side, or adventures with the trappers, the Indians, and the French; the dear mother, —

“Recalling in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common, un-rhymed poetry)
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,” —

or, with look more grave and soberer tone, telling some tale from Sewell's History or Chalkley's Journal, — a woman as ready to give her nights to the needs of some poor sick neighbor as to attend to her own household during the day ; and that youngest and dearest, the sister, "lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes," — she who appears so often on the poet's page, so near and dear, both before and after she passed beyond the veil, of whose companionship in his studies (is it not?) he says : —

"Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
Or sound of flute o'er a moonlight sea,
Or the low, soft music perchance which seems
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams, —

"So sweet, so dear, is the silvery tone
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read in turns from the self-same book —
Some tale, perhaps, of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

"Then when the story is one of woe, —
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon bar, —
Her blue eyes glisten with tears, and low
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;
And I seem to hear the prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me, worn and pale.

"And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,

34 *RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.*

And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear."

But how we cherish every glimpse he gives us
of himself, especially that idyl of his boyhood,
"In School Time," which, by the way, Matthew
Arnold lately praised for "the inestimable virtue
of concreteness": —

"'I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because' — the brown eyes lower fell —
'Because, you see, I love you.'"

Or when he tells us of his poetic visions,
how, —

"While he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down;
Along his task-field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

"The common air was thick with dreams, —
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends
grim."

And how delightful the glimpses he gives us
of his cherished friends : Emerson, who "might
Plato's banquet grace," —

"Shrewd mystic, who upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanac
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam ;"

and Bayard Taylor, and Sumner, and the Carey
sisters, and Agassiz, and Longfellow, and Fields ;
and, not least, though less renowned, that noble
old teacher of Providence School, Moses C. Cart-
land ; and he who, with Whittier, is still left us
from the great circle of our greatest bards, "Our
Autocrat" : —

"His laurels fresh from song and lay,
Romance, art, science, rich in all !"

"Long may he live to sing for us
His sweetest songs at evening time,
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
To holier heights of beauty climb !"

I cannot refrain from reading a part of the
lines on "The Prayer of Agassiz" : —

"On the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooded the west wind's steady strain,

Line of coast that low and far
 Stretched its undulating bar,
 Wings aslant along the rim
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,
 Fell the beautiful white day.

“Said the Master to the youth :
 ‘We have come in search of truth,
 Trying with uncertain key
 Door by door of mystery ;
 We are reaching, through His laws,
 To the garment-hem of Cause,
 Him, the endless, unbegun,
 The Unnamable, the One
 Light of all our light the Source,
 Life of life, and Force of force.
 As with fingers of the blind,
 We are groping here to find
 What the hieroglyphics mean
 Of the Unseen in the seen,
 What the Thought which underlies
 Nature’s masking and disguise,
 What it is that hides beneath
 Blight and bloom and birth and death.
 By past efforts unavailing,
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,
 Of our weakness made aware,
 On the threshold of our task
 Let us light and guidance ask,
 Let us pause in silent prayer!’

“Then the Master in his place
 Bowed his head a little space,
 And the leaves, by soft airs stirred,
 Lapse of wave, and cry of bird

Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.

“Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.

“Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year?”

It is true eminently of Whittier, as it is of all the members of that bright galaxy of American authors to which he belongs, that in his works he has always respected the limits of the moral law. Herein our authors have been true artists as well as true men. Nothing which is morally evil can be admirable, either in nature or in art; for that which is morally evil is in itself unlovely and hideous, and as repulsive to any true æsthetic sense as it is revolting to sound moral feeling. But

Whittier is entitled to much more than the negative praise of avoiding the evil; he has consecrated himself to the good. He has felt that the bard is also the priest, the champion of God and man. He knows that the divine afflatus, the inspired voice, have been given him for a holy purpose, and that he holds them in trust. To that trust, as to every other, he has been faithful; and now, in the most blest and the happiest part of life, the long golden evening or the Indian summer of a good man's days, the love of all the good encircles him, and he has within him the reward of a conscience void of offense. How different this sweet and tranquil old age, how different the strains of Whittier's "St. Martin's Summer" and "My Psalm" from the premature decay and the dismal wail of that brilliant man of genius, Lord Byron, who on completing his thirty-sixth year, a few days before he died, wrote these words:—

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

Compare with this sad confession our poet's cheerful words: "I mourn no more my vanished

years!" "The windows of my soul I throw wide open to the sun."

Nature, says James Russell Lowell, choosing between the Puritan and the Quaker for her New England poet, — and he seems to think that the Dame was herein reduced to a hard alternative, — chose the Quaker. It is an honorable title which will cling to Whittier in distant generations — that of "The Quaker Poet." And if I am not mistaken, some of the best characteristics of our bard are derived from the gentle sect in which he was reared, and which he so truly loves. The meditative mind, the calm introspection, the love of nature and the love of man, the native refinement which seems inborn in Quaker blood (and is so well described in Whittier's lines on "The Friend's Burial": —

"With her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware;

"She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies;

"An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own;" —

and the moral indignation launching words that

are half battles against the wrong, and fighting in the fierce but bloodless warfare of reform at the same time that it rings the Christian bells of peace: all these, so characteristic of Whittier, are characteristic of the Friend.

It is in no narrow sectarian sense that I would accept for our bard this title. There is something broader and nobler in the essential spirit of Quakerism than has ever yet been displayed on any large stage. Hampered by narrow prejudices which it inherited from Puritanism, driven by persecution into exaggerated protests against the ways of other branches of the church universal, it has never done full justice to its inherent Catholicity.

No other system of Christianity unites better and reconciles better the conflicting tendencies of Hellenism and Hebraism. Accepting and revering the Bible, it respects and reveres also the voice of God within the soul. The letter of the book guards it from vagary and mysticism; the freshness of the spirit shields it from narrow interpretations. The Society of Friends has always shown a love of mental culture; its spirit, if unhampered, would show that tendency in a much greater degree. Puritanic Quakerism has not always smiled on Art; but *genuine* Quakerism welcomes every form of Art whose influence is wholesome, and through which breathes an effluence of the Great Spirit, who speaks to his creatures in

Beauty as well as in Might. Who, then, is better fitted for the sacred office of bard, than a true son of that Society, who recognizes in the All Father the ever-present Friend of his children, speaking to them in all the lovely forms of nature, inspiring all the lovely productions of art; whose Spirit is always lying close to our spirits, whom we serve in renouncing self, defending the oppressed, or helping the wretched, and whom we honor when we point out the beauty of his creations, whether in the outward universe, or in the mind and heart and soul of man?

But we will not claim for sect or party what belongs to mankind. Whittier is ours; but he is no less the world's. As one of the world's poets, as one of the world's benefactors, we enshrine him to-day in our Valhalla. I congratulate this noble school, its officers and students, both those now here, taking part in a celebration which, for the poet's sake, they will remember as long as they live, and those who are yet unborn; I congratulate this cultured community and the friends of good letters everywhere, on the acquisition of this speaking and living likeness. I congratulate the generous donor on his wise and happy choice of a gift to give to this cherished seat of learning. No words that have flowed from those lips, or have been written by that hand, — no words that shall come from them in the years which we hope our Heavenly Father will still extend to our

much-loved bard and friend, — no thought of his heart, no act of his life, can ever inspire a regret that he was singled out for this distinction. The lessons which those pictured lips shall teach — let us trust for centuries to come — to the young lives flowing in and out before them as steadily

“As in broad Narragansett the tides come and go,”

shall be lessons of purity, and nobleness, and truth; of love of nature, of love of literature and art; of hatred of every form of wrong; of love of man, of country, of liberty, and of God. And as, from year to year, young men and maidens, old men and matrons, shall gaze upon those eyes glowing with intelligence and feeling, and those features sensitive as the mimosa, but calmed by the smile of God which rests upon them, many a lip shall breathe the grateful benediction: —

“Blessings be with him, and undying praise,
Who gave us higher loves and nobler cares!”

The orator's delivery was extremely graceful; his rendition of passages from the principal poems of Whittier beautiful and felicitous. It was evident that in preparing his oration he had entered heartily into the spirit which the necessities of the occasion demanded. The audience was in full sympathy with the speaker and very appreciative. At 11.45 the oration was concluded and then an adjournment was had until 2.30 o'clock. The school gave a dinner to its guests,

while Ardoene, the caterer, served dinner for others.

In the afternoon there was a much larger attendance than in the morning, Alumni Hall, as well as the library, being completely filled. The exercises opened with the singing of "Mark, the Merry Elves of Fairy Land," by members of the school.

ADDRESS OF AUGUSTINE JONES, PRINCIPAL OF
THE SCHOOL, ACCEPTING THE PORTRAIT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — It is my agreeable duty, in the name of Friends' School, to receive this portrait of John G. Whittier. It is forty-five years since Charles F. Coffin, the donor of it, was a pupil in the school. A little later, he was an efficient member of its corps of teachers. He has been during many years an active, earnest, and faithful member of the special committee having the school in charge. And whatever success has attended the school in recent years is due as much to him as to any one of his worthy associates.

But to crown all he has given us this beautiful and lifelike picture. There is such "sweet reasonableness" in the subject, time, and place of this noble generosity, that its eternal fitness is evident to all. A devoted personal friend and ardent admirer of the poet, he has entered into this undertaking with all his heart. And he was,

moreover, fortunate in his artist. We shall not find in this countenance, approaching fourscore years, all the fire of youth ; but we may behold what is of far greater worth, the rich maturity of ripe, full life and character. We have rounded and perfected manhood. We have the repose consequent upon a great life-work completed and well done. Here the interior life, the soul, the man, are revealed. This achievement still more commands our grateful admiration because that subtle spirit has so frequently baffled the skill of photographer and engraver, and so often eluded the power of art.

Massachusetts occupied an enviable place in the politics of the country and at the helm of state during the last generation. It was because she had men possessed of genius and conscience. It was because she had a poet whose still small voice of freedom stirred the popular heart and summoned it to duty. But poetry was not his only service. He had practical wisdom. He had far-reaching prophetic insight into men and measures, and became, though half concealed by his modesty, a guiding star in politics.

The beauty and glory of the homes, lakes, rivers, and mountains of New England are enshrined in his verse, "As in their amber sweets the smothered bees." Sir Philip Sidney says, "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done."

The scenery of Scotland is full of enchantment, but how much of it has come from the songs of the Ploughman of Ayrshire, and from the genius of Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North.

“There is no glory in star or blossom,
Till looked on by a loving eye.”

But above, beyond, and greater than all, how the royal law of Scripture, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” runs like a golden thread through all his work !

Art is long. Many generations, we trust, will enter into our labor, will be influenced by this picture to emulate the noble life and character it represents. The deathless singer and his imperishable themes will live together.

REMARKS BY OTHER FRIENDS.

JULIA WARD HOWE,¹ being introduced, spoke substantially as follows: In the reading of the letters which we have just heard, I see that prior engagements have rendered it impossible for many of the writers to be present. I had a mind to say that my own engagements would make it impossible for me to come, yet I came. Napoleon, when an officer said that a certain thing was impossible, said, “Let me never hear that word again,” and it seems to me that we should put that word to

¹ Julia Ward Howe was invited to speak early, as she was compelled to leave, to meet another engagement.

scorn. I feel it a favor to be able to come here and pay honor to this dear, noble, illustrious man, to whom we owe so much. I took pleasure this morning in listening to the perfect account of the life of Whittier, and it would seem superfluous for me to attempt here to enlarge upon it. So I will borrow something else, for I feel upon this occasion the right to speak to the young people whose faces before me are so bright and full of frankness. Let me say what Whittier should be to the children of the future. I could claim a grandmother's right to speak to them, for the youngest are not the least by any means.

We say of Sumner and Phillips, they were great men. Of Whittier we need not say he was, — he is a great poet. In the future it will be said that he was a man supremely concerned for the public good and for the welfare of the whole human race. The lowest, the poorest, the meanest, the suffering people, degraded not so much in their own person, but in the feeling of the communities where they were, — it was for these that he made his voice ring; it was in their behalf that he challenged public criticism, and in this good work he became a man of power and of might. He was no fighter in the world's sense of the word. It was said of Charles Sumner that on one occasion some one asked his mother why he did not carry a pistol with him to Washington. His mother replied: "What would Charles do with a pistol?"

He would shoot himself!" [Laughter.] Neither did Whittier have that military spirit. He exerted another and more potent influence ; a power of deep Christian sweetness of soul ; and it was with this that he conquered and harmonized opposing forces by striking that key-note which other people have been obliged to come to. I wish to mention another thing which was brought forward this morning, and which struck me with very much force, and that was his generous regard for the men of his times. He had not the envious desire to keep others back. We shall remember him in this magnanimity, as taking along with him all the great souls of his day, and remember it of him as long as memory lasts.

My young friends, this may seem like an old woman's tale. Concern yourselves largely for the public good. Exert that noble courage which exists in all. Find it, keep it, and serve those who need your services most.

As I sat here this morning and listened to the orator's description of the coming of the poets, I seemed to see that procession come sweeping in. What kings ever made such records as these men, who have left behind them names honored and revered ? And not the least in this procession, as it metaphorically swept through the hall, was Whittier. This one, I thought, has come to stay. [Applause.]

PRESIDENT THOMAS CHASE, the orator of the morning, then said : —

I have taken up enough of your time already, and it was my intention to beg you to allow me to sit in silence this afternoon, listening with you to the many distinguished speakers who are assembled on this platform and whom we all want to hear. But the address we have just heard from Julia Ward Howe suggests to me a single remark.

In choosing extracts from Whittier to read to you I felt an embarrassment — the embarrassment of riches — from the fact that there was so much more that it would be well to read than the time would allow. Among the pieces which I wished to quote were those beautiful lines on Dr. Howe, “The Hero,” beginning, —

“Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!”

and if I had known that “the hero’s” distinguished wife would be present, I should certainly have introduced them in the oration. If any of these boys and girls are not already familiar with that delightful poem, I hope you will become so. I hope you will commit it to memory. And I hope you will all remember, as one of the most pleasant incidents of this very interesting occasion, the address you have heard from Mrs. Howe, the author of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” She is a woman of genius, a woman of every social

grace, and an eloquent woman, as we have all had evidence ; but while she is highly regarded on these grounds she is much more to be honored because, like Whittier and her heroic husband, she has consecrated all her gifts and graces to the service of God and her fellow-men. This is always the highest distinction. I commend her example for imitation, as we both have commended the example of Whittier, to you and to us all.

EZEKIEL G. ROBINSON, D. D., the eminent President of Brown University, spoke as follows, with a feeling and sympathetic delivery that will long be remembered : —

It is now more than thirty years since I first learned to admire the poems of Whittier. My first real acquaintance with his poetry began on this wise : A lawyer friend, who had been bred a Quaker, whose instinctive sympathies were with all the oppressed, and who had achieved an honorable distinction in one of the larger cities of a " Border State " as the defender of friendless fugitives from slavery, said to me one day : " Are you acquainted with the poems of John G. Whittier ? " My reply was, that I knew of him only as the author of certain fugitive anti-slavery poems that I had seen in the newspapers. A few days later he laid on the centre-table of the drawing-room of my home a volume of his collected poems. From that day to this I have been an

admiring reader of whatever of his has come within my reach.

And what he writes for poetry is poetry. It is not a mere rhythmic arrangement of words, a jingle of rhymes, but a real revelation of the hidden beauty of nature and of human life. His earliest pieces are not, to my mind, his best. The moral and political ends they aimed at were of the noblest; but the aims were too manifest and too directly pursued to admit of the highest or the most easy and graceful flights. When verse is made the vehicle either of homily or of invective, the muse rarely soars to her highest or sings in her purest tones. But John G. Whittier, whatever his theme, could never be other than a genuine poet.

Had he written no more than "Among the Hills," and the winter idyl, "Snow-Bound," these would have sufficed to keep his memory green so long as the English language shall last. Both these are spontaneous overflows of the true poetic soul. And they are also realistic in the highest and best sense of that term. Absolutely free from every trace of the sensual and even sensuous realism of an existing popular school, they yet are strictly true to every pure and noble aspect under which Nature presents herself. He never permits his idealism to exaggerate the real coloring of what he sees, but his keen vision everywhere detects and discloses what prosaic

eyes, without his aid, might never discover. He constantly helps us

“To find in all that meets our eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.”

He has depicted the coming on, the progress, and the conclusion of a New England snow-storm in the country, with a literalness and a minuteness of description that could hardly be surpassed, and yet with a fullness and richness of poetic spirit that no one has yet equaled.

And Whittier is preëminently the poet of New England. No one has yet equaled him in his appreciation and picturing of New England scenery, of New England life, of New England thought, and of New England love of liberty and truth. And he is also distinctively an American poet, while at the same time none the less the poet of Nature, of Christianity, and of Humanity.

Associating in past years with men of every shade of belief and of no belief, he has yet kept untarnished the beauty and the simplicity of his own Christian faith. For unbelief he has a pitying eye, singing mournfully, —

“Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees.”

Tolerant of other creeds than his own, he tells us in words worthy to be put where every eye can read them : —

“All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!”

And in what worthier place could the portrait of Whittier hang than in this school-room, where for generations to come the young who shall gather here to fit themselves for life shall look on it, while they repeat and re-repeat his verses? It will give something of the emphasis of the living tongue to his written words. Who can tell what inspiration to high endeavor and noble living will be looked into their young hearts from the speaking eyes of this canvas? May the youth now here not have long to wait before the original of the portrait shall himself stand here, giving the benediction of his living presence and receiving some of the grateful honor all our hearts would gladly render him.

COLONEL WILLIAM GODDARD, A. M., a distinguished citizen of Providence, and Trustee of Brown University, said:—

A scholar sat in his lonely chamber, surrounded by the yellow books, which were his sole companions,—his single ray of sunshine. Early weary of the ceaseless strife of life, and shrinking from contact with human suffering, he had sought peace and benumbing quiet, in place of the struggle for the victories of truth and right.

And now he thought of the high hopes and the confident dreams of his youth, and sadly wondered what manner of man he would have been, if only he had fought and won the battles for which he was once so eager — if only his lips had ever sung the brave songs of youth. As his clouded fancy stretched away from the narrow walls of his little life to the wide scenes pictured by his youthful imagination, there came to him a consciousness of a visible presence, whose grave eyes held for him both love and pity, and whose face, silent and solemn, looked through the long and noble lines of age with unwandering steadfastness and exhaustless pathos. And who was this voiceless stranger, coming unbidden to distract his reveries and puzzle his imagination? Long and silently he looked upon the folded hands and into the depths of the passionless eyes, and slowly came the conviction of his identity!

With all his soul he knew then that this was —

“Himself that never was, himself alas, that could not be!”

The portrait upon which I have looked to-day with so much interest recalls to me this poetic legend. In those deep and mournful eyes I seem to see something of reproach for wasted opportunities and purposeless endeavors. The great gifts which glorify the life of Whittier are indeed denied to us, but his consecration of all his pow-

ers to His service from whom they come, to the relief of sorrowing humanity, and to the noble cause of freedom, how little we have ever imitated! And it is because our feet have been so lagging in that service to which he devoted his long and illustrious life; because we have been content to let other arms than ours wield the blades sharpened against oppression and wrong, that his image speaks to us of what we might have been.

His task has been —

“The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Help to the erring—to the weak,
The strength of his own faith.”

“To plead the captive’s right, remove
The sting of hate from law,
But soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of war.”

It is meet that we should place his image upon these walls, which echo with the maxims that have guided his noble life and sustained him in the dread hours of despondency. It is well that from his face and example the young and the old should learn the true source of the inspiration which kindled his song to accents of highest devotion, and make him poet, priest, and prophet.

Of Whittier’s rank among contemporary poets, I will not pause to speak. From other and

wiser lips you have heard the language of affectionate eulogy and discriminating criticism. I think his poem, "My Psalm," will solace the weary hearts of men and quicken their flagging purposes, until the English language ceases to be a living tongue.

In the tributes paid to his character and genius, in the grateful appreciation of his services to humanity, "in man's highest homage earned, and woman's noblest love," Whittier must taste the sweetness of an almost posthumous fame. And still, *laus Deo*, he lives to charm us with the melody of his song ; to instruct us by the worthiness of his life.

We send him our warmest greetings, and we join in the fervent prayer that his days may be long in the land that his voice has helped to redeem from the curse of slavery, and that is so much the richer for all that he has given to it.

"Age hath its opportunities no less than youth itself, though
in another dress ;
And as the evening twilight fades away, the sky is filled with
stars, invisible by day."

JOHN L. LINCOLN, LL. D., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Brown University, said : —

MR. PRINCIPAL, — I will rise in response to your kind call, if only to express my thanks to my friend, the donor of this portrait, for making this delightful occasion, and to yourself for inviting

me to attend it. It is a rare pleasure to be present at such a literary gathering, to see unveiled to view the portrait of a gifted and good man, and to hear testimonies to his genius and worth from so many distinguished persons. You are having here for Whittier, in the house of his friends, a veritable jubilee time; for it is now about fifty years since he first began to attract notice by verses contributed to the papers of his native town of Haverhill. And as we recall to-day his breathing thoughts and burning words in rebuke of human bondage and in defense of human freedom, we remember too that a chief distinction of the old Jewish jubilee year was the liberation of all the slaves of the land. Nothing in all Whittier's fame and character is more distinctively his, than —

“A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,” —

which he himself says, in one of his proems, is shown in his poetry; and all will bear him witness, as he there also declares, that if to him belong —

“Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,” —

yet, like them, he has laid his “best gifts” on “the shrine of Freedom.” He is a writer in whom one hardly knows whether to admire more the virtues of the man, or the genius of the poet. For myself, however, I always think of him first, as a

thoughtful, earnest, and good man, his large human heart always strong and warm in throbbing, living sympathy with all that touches the weal or the woe of mankind ; then as having in his nature a poet's soul, sensitively alive to all sweet and noble impulses from nature or from the life of men, and as possessing too that gift of just and musical expression, which enters largely into the endowment of a poetic nature. Whittier's expression is always simple, natural, and truthful, sometimes intensely energetic, often most touching in its tender pathos, and not unfrequently it rises to the grand. The energy of his language is sometimes even terrible in its tone and force, when he is rebuking tyranny and oppression. Indeed some of his poetry, in his "Voices of Freedom," shows that he had a power of withering invective, which, under the impulse of moral indignation, he could use with enormous effect. You spoke, sir, just now, of one of Whittier's friends, as "a war-horse in the contest for freedom." I think we must count in Whittier, too, as one of the war-horses ; and his charges were sometimes impetuous, and did fearful execution in the ranks of the enemy. But Whittier was not only the poet of freedom, nor only the poet of humanity, counting "nothing foreign to him, which was truly human." I love to think of him as a New England poet. How familiar to his poet eye and soul, as also to his heart, was all

that belongs to New England scenery ; and with what truth to Nature has he delineated its features in his poetry, its hills and meadows, its streams and forests, its farm-houses and old homesteads, with their barns and orchards, and all else he had so often looked upon in "the dear old landscapes of his boyhood!" And not only the outward scenes of his native New England has he described in his verse ; with like truth to reality has he pictured its interiors too, the homes and hearths of New England, and all the checkered human life, albeit often so homely, that went on there, and which he knew and remembered so well. In that idyl of "Snow-Bound," with what a loving memory, quickened by a warm Christian faith, has he recalled and vividly imaged the forms and characters of his own home and kindred, and with a poet's touch has shaped and rounded into ideal being and living all that long since broken "household circle." But I have recalled two of Whittier's shorter poems which seem to me especially to "speak to the condition" of these young people before us, the pupils of this school. As you look, my young friends, upon this portrait to-day, and listen to all which is said to you of Whittier himself, you may be thinking of him only as a man far advanced in years, and quite remote from yourselves. But I want you to read of him and think of him as he appears in these poems, once as young as your-

selves, and at school as you now are, and in the midst of his studies and his companionships in them, carrying in him the hopes and the fears, the thoughts and the day-dreams too of his youth; and so touched and impressed by all these influences of his school-days, that he loved to recall them all in after years, and give living expression to them in living verse. How does all this appear in that charming poem, which he has entitled "Memories," where he recalls, —

"A beautiful and happy girl
 With step as light as summer air,
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
 Shadowed by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined and flowing hair."

Let me read to you some of these "memories,"
 — one or two stanzas at least : —

"How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory, at the thought of thee!
 Old hopes, which long in dust have lain,
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fullness of the heart is mine,
 As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine."

"And wider yet in thought and deed
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need,
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth."

For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence, where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm."

One or two stanzas let me now give you, in conclusion, from that lyric of kindred tone, entitled "My Playmate":—

"The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
 Their song was soft and low,
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow.

"The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear;
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year.

"For, more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing spring,
 The music and the bloom.

"She left us in the bloom of May;
 The constant years told o'er
 Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
 But she came back no more.

"O playmate in the golden time!
 Our mossy seat is green,
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,
 The old trees o'er it lean.

"And still the pines of Ramoth wood,
 Are moaning like the sea,—
 The moaning of the sea of change
 Between myself and thee!"

ABRAHAM PAYNE, an eminent lawyer of Providence, who has recently lost his sight, was the next speaker.¹

I cheerfully respond to your call, though perhaps it would be better, according to the custom of your people, to sit still and let "expressive silence muse His praise." I have had some experience in public speaking, but this is my first attempt to address an audience which I cannot see, and I must ask you to excuse defects. The men who planted the seeds of empire here in New England were a little hardened by dogma and deficient in charity. They lacked a just appreciation of soul liberty and the humane temper; if there has been any favorable change in this respect it is largely due to the people called Friends, and conspicuous among them is the man whose portrait you place to-day where his pictured lips will repeat to you from generation to generation his long defense of freedom and of man.

It is sometimes said that an individual without office, or wealth, or power, can do very little, but I doubt if there is an official in church or state in this country, whose utterance on a moral question would have more weight with thoughtful

¹ As he revealed his blindness to the audience, its sympathy with him was very strong, and when he recited a verse from the "Eternal Goodness" which was in gilt letters on the wall of the room, visible to all present but himself, there was a silence to be felt. The entire address made a striking impression.

men and women, than a short letter printed in a newspaper and signed "Thy friend, John G. Whittier."

I have often said that it seems to me that no other man or woman had more to do with that true *metanoia* on the subject of domestic slavery which began when a mob composed of men "of property and standing" put a rope around the neck of Garrison in the streets of Boston, and went on until the way was prepared for the man

. . . "whose grave is holy
By the broad and prairied Sangamon,"

and whose "gaunt hand" wrote the proclamation which

. . . "freed a race,
And made his place
In 'Time's Walhalla sure."

There are some verses by Whittier, — I cannot repeat them, — in which he defends the plain Quaker Meeting-House and the silent worship there. One of our own poets has written: —

"Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles by flaunting folly trod,
And 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God."

I think the man who has lost the power to enjoy them is not likely to undervalue the influences of external nature or the magnificence of temple worship; but I agree with the sentiment of the

verses to which I refer, that when all external objects are withdrawn, and all voices are silent, the soul of man gets easiest access to the Source of Strength, and gains the help which enables him to lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before him.

Amidst "the maddening maze of things" by which they are surrounded, Christians of every name look for the time when "one by one the fiends of ancient wrong" shall have gone out; and the golden age come in which He will bring in his time —

. . . "from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand."

Then I think all men will hear one voice speaking in the Psalms of David, the Sermon on the Mount, and the poetry of Whittier. The man who can honestly pray "Have mercy upon me — according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions," will feel that they indeed are blessed who hunger and thirst after righteousness and recognize the "Eternal Goodness," saying: —

"Who fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme or plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

"I walked with bare hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

"Ye praise his justice; even such
 His pitying love I deem;
 Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
 The robe that hath no seam.

"Ye hear the curse that overbroods
 A world of pain and loss;
 I hear our Lord's beatitudes
 And prayer upon the cross.

"And so beside the silent sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air,
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond his love and care."

HON. JONATHAN CHASE, the able and distinguished Representative in Congress from Rhode Island, and a pupil in the school in 1837, spoke as follows:—

I believe, as Professor Lincoln does, that we should not let occasions like this pass without improving them by endeavoring to instruct the young people as to their real import. It is given to but few to be great in this world. Very few are gifted much above their fellows. You will have your time of trying to write poetry, as most of us have and failed: you may then learn to understand that true poetry is

the poetry of ideas. The best illustration of this is found in the Psalms; translate them into any language and they are still poetry. Not that there is measure and rhyme in them, but because they are based upon subjects of real, living, and ever-recurring interest to mankind, illustrated by beautiful and harmonious ideas. But there is one thing, my young friends, most worthy of remembrance. True it is that few of you can expect ever to become such a poet as Whittier, but you can all live poetical lives as he has done. When we read the works of a great author, full of high and noble sentiments, we expect to find an equally high character in the author. We look for purity in the author of *Faust*. When we read Carlyle we expect to find him a man who can rise to the importance of little things, but in this how often are we disappointed. Whittier has lived a life in keeping with the high ideal which he has written. In his life as in his writings he has had for the poor and suffering everywhere a most tender and gentle sympathy. For the good and beautiful the warmest love and appreciation, but firm as adamant against all tyranny, oppression, and wrong. He loves the man and hates only his evil deeds. It is well then to catch the shadow of such a life ere it passes, and to lift it up to incite us to do and to be better.

HON. JAMES N. BUFFUM, ex-mayor of Lynn, Mass., and an early, active, and prominent Abolitionist, was next introduced :¹ —

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion, and listen to so many able speeches in honor of an old and true friend and co-laborer in the cause of human freedom. It is seldom that a reformer receives in his lifetime such high appreciation as has been given here to-day, and yet it is all true ; and more could be added, and not then transcend the reality.

Most of the speakers have dwelt upon the genius of the Poet, the purity and sweetness of his verse, his great insight into Nature, and his wonderful harmony with all her higher laws. But it seems to me that while that is all true, no one can appreciate his life-work so well as those who have labored with him in those dark days of mobs and persecutions, in storm and violence, when men and women took their lives in their hands and went forth on their great errand of mercy, not knowing but the same martyrdom would be their lot that had come upon others.

It is not the poetry in itself that gives Whittier's work its highest character; it is only when viewed in connection with the times, and when you consider the amount of real pluck that it required to speak at all, then it becomes sublime

¹ Mr. Buffum was a pupil in the school in 1827.

and transcendently eloquent. There is another view of the question which we old Abolitionists know, which the outside world does not know, that is, that he was not only great himself, but that he thrust greatness upon others.

Whittier could write prose that was eloquent and poetic as well as verse. Many grand speeches made on great occasions bore evidence of his genius. Whittier was never an orator, but was the maker of orators. It was his fire that kindled the flame which caused Emerson to say that the anti-slavery cause had made eloquence dog-cheap.

I cannot forbear saying a word of one of my dearest friends, from 1837 to the day of his death, — Wendell Phillips. To him more than any other man I am indebted for whatever of ability I have to stand before you and speak my thoughts with any satisfaction to myself or of interest to you. It has been said that I was educated at this institution. It is not so. I began my education here, and I am thankful for it, and only wish I could have had the finish and polish you give your scholars at this later day. It was at this school that I took up my first geography, my first grammar, and almost my first arithmetic; but my real education was gained in the great conflict with oppression and tyranny on the broad platform of humanity, in the hot conflict, side by side with those noble souls and grand heroes who lived and died that our country might

be free. It would be impossible, were I competent, to do justice to their characters at this time.

Wendell Phillips came into our cause when we were in the hottest conflict with the slave power, when the nation was sinking into a fatal and deadly slumber. He was one of the greatest and richest contributions our cause ever received, in character and station, in education and eloquence, and commanding personal presence. Among all the great men this nation has produced, no one, take him all in all, has ever surpassed him ; and yet with all his rich gifts and splendid endowments, he came and laid himself and all that he had, a living sacrifice on the altar of humanity. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and showed the people their sins, and the nation its transgressions, until the chains were melted from four million slaves. Pausing for a short time to view the greatness and splendor of that achievement, he too has gone to his eternal rest, but with a greatness and grandeur that has lit up the gloom of the past, and has forever made radiant the path of the future. It would give me great pleasure to speak of others who have immortalized their names and gone home to their reward, did time permit.

Your Principal has invited me to speak to you at some future time upon reminiscences of the anti-slavery conflict, when I hope to meet and interest you.

GERTRUDE W. CARTLAND, of Newburyport, Mass., said :¹ —

I think if John G. Whittier had been present on this occasion, in view of the kindly thoughts that have been turned to him, and the kindly words that have been spoken, his feelings of grateful appreciation might have found expression somewhat as he responded seven years ago to the greetings of his friends who gathered around him upon the completion of his three-score years and ten.

“Beside that milestone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
I hear, O friends! your words of cheer and praise
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
A beggar slept, and crownéd Caliph woke.
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs
A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.”

And now, dear brothers and sisters, as we must

¹ Gertrude W. Cartland, from her connection with the Poet, was felt at once to be in a certain sense his representative, and her words made a deep and lasting impression. She has recently published *Scripture Passages and Parallel Selections from the Writings of Whittier*. She was a Principal of the School in 1852.

soon go forth from this pleasant gathering, returning to our different paths, our respective fields of service, may I be permitted, as a parting word, to express the wish, which I cannot doubt springs up in all our hearts for ourselves, and one for another, that whatever may be our period in life, the morning, the noontime, or the evening of our days, we may be so living, in loving, faithful obedience to our Divine Master, in humble reliance upon his mercy, in sustaining Christian trust, that we too, in contemplating the closing hour, may be prepared to adopt the prayerful, touching, words of him whose noble work and Christian character have been our theme to-day.

“I trust in thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

“Suffice it, if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

“Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven’s green expansions
The river of thy peace.”

JOHN C. WYMAN, of Valley Falls, whose sparkling wit and forcible oratory are widely known

and appreciated, was next called upon. He said : —

MR. PRINCIPAL AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — In view of the very satisfactory speeches which have been made, and of the fact that I am announced as the last speaker on this occasion, I wish I could feel that in this instance the Scriptures might be verified, and that in point of excellence the last speech might be the first, and the first last.

I confess I feel no little embarrassment in standing upon this platform with such an audience before me, and so many distinguished scholars and speakers around me, and I am seeking in vain for a solution of the conundrum how I happen to be here.

This I feel to be true: No person here, however learned or eloquent, can be more in sympathy with this occasion than I am. And it seems to me especially encouraging and inspiring to come together at this time in such peace and harmony as we find here, — away from torchlight processions, bands of music, fireworks, and other arguments of similar character so largely relied upon in the political campaign of this year to capture if not convince the voter; away from speeches of such vilification and vituperation as were never heard before; away from the consideration of vice and dishonesty such as is charged against the two candidates for the presidency now before the people of this country for their suf-

frages ; away from disposition or desire to discuss the follies and frailties of our kind, but here to devote ourselves to the contemplation of a character in whom there is no guile ; who never has written or spoken a word, never committed an act, and, I think I may say, never had a thought which, were they all known to the public, need cause him one single regret or even the semblance of a blush.

And to me it seems this is the kind of man we should present to our young friends as furnishing the standard of character they should imitate and emulate. We have too long been in the practice of over-estimating our great statesmen and military heroes. The glory which attaches to them has been made too attractive and tempting, and a false appreciation given to their value.

I well remember when Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were called the great triumvirate of American statesmen. And at the very zenith of their greatness a young man in Boston, with a few obscure and almost unknown friends, among the very foremost of them the man whose picture we to-day unveil, promulgated the idea that human slavery was a crime, and immediate emancipation the only remedy for it. With what a howl of contempt and indignation was the declaration received, but still this fearless advocate of human freedom declared, in a voice heard to the uttermost parts of

the Union, "I will be heard," and he was. Archimedes said, "Give me a point to rest my lever upon, and I will move the world." William Lloyd Garrison found both point and lever in type and printing-press, and he did move the world as it had never been moved by any reformer before or since, and it resulted in the uplifting of the unshackled hands of four millions of slaves to call down blessings from heaven on the head of their great deliverer. In that fierce anti-slavery contest which preceded the War of the Rebellion and the Emancipation Proclamation, when fidelity to the cause of the slave endangered both life and property, North as well as South, John G. Whittier was Garrison's fast friend, and stood shoulder to shoulder with him through it all, not only supporting but strengthening and inspiring him.

And now as we look back over the past thirty years, whom do we find were really the great statesmen of that earlier period? The three I have mentioned sought to develop and increase the wealth and power of this nation by fostering its material resources only. They ignored the rights of four million slaves, and regarded them only as property. Garrison and his associates recognized them as human beings, and saw that in their liberation, education, and elevation would be found the true grandeur and glory of our nation.

The present generation know too little of the

anti-slavery history and the lessons taught by it of the power of moral ideas. Only a few days since an intelligent woman said to me, "Was it not Webster's speech in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law which stirred up Garrison, and made him an Abolitionist?" She did not know that for twenty years before Webster's 7th of March speech Garrison, Phillips, and Whittier, and men like them, had been working so persistently to rouse the sense of right in the public mind that when Webster so betrayed liberty, as he did on that occasion, a storm of indignation was roused which even the "godlike Daniel" could not stay or soothe, and, condemned and rejected, he retired to his home by the sea, and died broken-hearted. Webster, Calhoun, Clay, neither of them recognized the great work to be accomplished, and all failed in their purpose. This, then, is the lesson for our young friends to learn: that real greatness, true nobility, consists in such recognition of the rights of others, no matter how disgraced and disowned, as will prompt the espousal of their cause, and insure fidelity to it till the victory is won.

LETTERS FROM ABSENT FRIENDS.

AUGUSTINE JONES then read the following letters :—

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, Mass., }
10th month, 13, 1884. }

AUGUSTINE JONES, *Principal of Friends' School, Providence, R. I.* :

My dear Friend,—I have received the kind invitation to be with you on the 24th inst., but it is hardly possible that I can avail myself of it, otherwise than by proxy. My double or “counterfeit presentment” will, of course, be there, and as the party most interested may fitly supply my place. The position assigned it, between the busts of the great English Friend and statesman, and the noble woman who, like the Master, visited “the spirits in prison,” seems so far beyond the desert of its original, that if the portrait had the miraculous power of locomotion attributed to mediæval pictures, it would feel constrained to walk out of its frame and seek a humbler place.

I have reached an age when flattery ceases to deceive, and notoriety is a burden, and the faint shadow of literary reputation fails to hide the solemn realities of life ; but a genuine token of love and good-will has no limitations of time, and is never out of place. I scarcely need, therefore, say that I highly appreciate the generous

compliment paid me by my much-valued friend in placing my portrait in the old and honored institution under thy charge. I confess that I heard the first intimation of his purpose with some surprise and misgiving, as I looked back upon a life, not indeed without honest endeavor, yet marked by many weaknesses and errors. If, however, this gift of my friend shall testify our common interest in the Friends' School and faith in the principles and testimonies of its founders, and if it shall serve to remind those who see it that whatever may seem worthy of commendation in the life of its original is due not to himself, but to the divine Providence which surrounded his youth and strengthened his manhood, I shall be more than satisfied.

I need not say to thee, my dear friend, that although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere convictions, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term. My sympathies are with the Broad Church of Humanity. Nevertheless, if one has to be "hung in effigy," he may have some choice as to the place of execution; and it goes far in reconciling me to my own fate to know that the ceremony, in which I must be a passive participant, will be performed in a hall of learning of the Society of Friends. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.¹

HYDE PARK, *October 22, 1884.*

AUGUSTINE JONES:

Dear Friend, — My time has been so hopelessly absorbed since getting your letter, that now, at the last moment, I can only snatch five minutes to reply. Thanks for the invitation! Would that I could be

¹ There was great applause at the conclusion of the reading of this letter.

present at the presentation to the institution of the portrait of our beloved and honored friend, J. G. Whittier. No purer, more beautiful character could be placed before your pupils for their admiration, love, and imitation than that of our sweet singer, whose notes float to-day wherever our language is spoken. For half a century the influence of his written testimony and inspiring song—his example and noble living—have been to his generation a sacred benediction, giving to every good cause their words of cheer long after he has been gathered to his fathers.

In haste, faithfully yours,

THEO. D. WELD.¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Pall Mall, S. W., }
October 6, 1884. }

DEAR SIR,—Your letter reaches me at the moment when I have recommenced inspecting London schools after the holidays. I am much pressed with work of all kinds. I cannot therefore compose anything for the occasion of your festival. I can only express my cordial respect for Mr. Whittier, and my high satisfaction in having met him during my late visit to the States.

Yours truly,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. AUGUSTINE JONES.

CAMBRIDGE, *October 17, 1884.*

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that my engagements do not permit me to accept the invitation to be present at the Friends' School, next week.

¹ Mr. Weld was one of the most eloquent speakers in the early days of the anti-slavery movement; and his contributions to anti-slavery literature were of inestimable value. It was his wife, Angelina E. Grimké Weld, who, with her sister Sarah, by speaking in public against slavery, virtually inaugurated the Woman's Rights agitation in this country.

Nothing could be more agreeable to me or to my father's and my mother's son than to take part in any occasion which was intended to do honor to Mr. Whittier.

His name and his presence in my father's household are among my earliest recollections, and I was *brought up* to honor him, not only for the rectitude and the loveliness of his private character and life, but still more for the devotion of his genius to the great cause which he has lived to see wholly triumphant.

Tell your boys and girls that however much they admire and love Whittier, they cannot know what a fire and a passion of enthusiasm he kindled in the hearts of the little company of anti-slavery boys and girls of my time, when they read his early poems; nor can they know the solemn joy with which the same boys and girls read those noble verses of Whittier's on the Emancipation Proclamation, celebrating the end of the long struggle.

" Blessings be on him and immortal praise."

Very truly yours, J. B. THAYER.¹

AUGUSTINE JONES, Esq.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, Pa., 10th month, 1884.

AUGUSTINE JONES :

Dear Friend, — I regret the urgency of professional duties, which prevent my acceptance of thy kind invitation to the unveiling of Whittier's portrait. Great as may be the throng of loving and reverent pilgrims who may honor the occasion by their bodily presence, I must content myself with being one of the still greater number who will be spiritual on-lookers and hearty sympa-

¹ Professor in the Harvard Law School.

thizers. The grand old "Institution" does not now for the first time bear witness to her appreciation of the poet whose commemoration of the "Blest land of Judea, thrice hallowed in song," has served as a welcome inspiration to the faith of three generations. For more than a half century her children have been stimulated by the trumpet calls to truth and righteousness, which were engraved on their memories as a pleasant portion of their school instruction. The influence and wide ramifications of that early training were important factors in securing an efficient hearing for the "Voices of Freedom," and in ridding our land of its greatest curse. It is eminently fitting that our loyal regard for a leader who has earned a wide-spread and well-merited renown in so many literary fields should be shown by some public and lasting testimonial, which may hand down the evidence of our appreciation to children's children. It is fitting that the life-long, earnest, and consistent advocate of the great truths which were taught by Fox, and Penn, and Pennington, and which the world still so greatly needs, should be especially held in remembrance at a seat of learning which was established largely for the promotion of those truths. I rejoice, therefore, that in my future visits to the scene of my early experience as scholar and teacher, the speaking likeness of one whom I am glad, for so many reasons, to call my friend, may revive the aspiration, —

"O spirit of that early day,
 So pure and strong and true,
 Be with us in the narrow way
 Our faithful fathers knew.
 Give strength the evil to forsake,
 The cross of Truth to bear,

And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer !”

Affectionately thy friend,

PLINY EARLE CHASE.¹

MAGNOLIA, MASS., *September 17, 1884.*

MY DEAR MR. JONES, — I am sorry to say that my engagements will make it quite impossible to come to Providence, on the very interesting occasions to which you so kindly invited me. As an earnest admirer of Mr. Whittier for long years, and claiming the honor of his friendship, it would give me unfeigned pleasure to be present with you at that time. I have the pleasure, also, of an acquaintance with John Bright, and should like to see his bust, but must be contented to look at it in the picturesque views of your institution which you have had the goodness to send me.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

WARWICK, R. I., *October 6, 1884.*

DEAR FRIEND, — I wish it were in my power to take part in the exercises to be held in honor of John G. Whittier, on the 24th inst.

I was born and bred in the vicinity of many of the scenes which he has hallowed by his beautiful poetry.

I have always had the profoundest admiration for him as a man as well as a poet.

I do not feel strong enough to say all that is in my heart. I must remain

Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS M. CLARK.²

¹ Professor of Philosophy and Logic in Haverford College. He was a teacher in the school in 1840.

² Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., *July 16, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR, — It is with great regret that I find myself unable to accept the polite invitation you send me for the 24th of October.

I need not say that I share in the universal feeling of love, honor, reverence for our cherished New England poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. I hold no living countryman of mine in higher esteem, nor is there one to whom I would more willingly pay the tribute of respect signified by my attendance on the occasion for which I am invited.

Some time ago I told my friends who asked my presence at various celebrations, that I had determined to avoid all public meetings for the present, feeling that I should be much better for keeping away from fatiguing and exciting meetings of all kinds. I have had a good deal to keep me busy, and I feel the need of regular and uniform living.

It costs me no small amount of time, and it takes some little courage, to resist the constant pressure of invitations from too kind friends.

All I can do is to thank them, and wish for each particular occasion that I were a score of years younger, so that I might gratify myself by complying with their wishes.

Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
LONDON, *September 11, 1884.* }

DEAR SIR, — I have too vivid a recollection of that Arcadia of Friends in Chester County, Pennsylvania, of the beautiful homes to which I was welcomed, and of

the kindnesses I received there, not to feel a deep sympathy with any commemoration in which the Society is interested. And how much more do I feel this when your ceremony is in honor of my friend Whittier, whom I have loved and respected for forty years. I send you accordingly, as you request, a few verses, more to express my good-will than as an adequate expression of my share in the universal and affectionate esteem in which our poet is held.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

AUGUSTINE JONES, Esq.

TO J. G. WHITTIER.

“New England’s poet, rich in love as years,
 Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her brooks
 Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
 Thy feet allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
 As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
 Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks,
 And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
 Sweetly familiar to both Englands’ ears.
 Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
 The lily’s anchorage, which no eyes behold
 Save those of stars, yet for thy brothers’ sake,
 That lay in bonds, thou blew’st a blast as bold
 As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
 Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold.”

THE PILOT EDITORIAL ROOMS, }
 October 16, 1884. }

DEAR SIR, — I thank you very much for the invitation to attend the presentation of Mr. Whittier’s portrait to the Friends’ School, and I am deeply sorry that other engagements will not allow me to be present. I

revere Mr. Whittier as a man and a poet, and I should like to see him honored by painter and orator.

I am very truly yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

MR. AUGUSTINE JONES.

ASHFIELD, MASS., *September 22, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR, — No man could be more fitly honored in any school than Whittier in yours, and no purer character or more spotless life than his could be commended to the admiration and emulation of youth. The tenderness and sweetness of his song are not greater than its generous humanity and its devoted patriotism, and the traditions and spirit of his religious faith have given a certain antique simplicity to his career which personally endear him to his countrymen, as his poetry stirs their admiration and pride. The famous men and women whose portraits in color and marble you are placing in your hall are well called Friends, for friends they are, and have been, of all that is noblest in human endeavor; friends of liberty, and justice, and charity; of the prisoner, the slave, and the outcast. Such men and women are the true saints, canonized by the gratitude and love and reverence of their fellows; and it is pleasant to think that the pictured and sculptured forms of these familiar friends of to-day, whose names are on all lips and in all hearts, will inspire your pupils to a life of "plain living and high thinking," as surely as the story of the legendary figures of mythology, or of the heroes of Greece and Rome.

Among my earliest and happiest recollections as an old Providence boy are those of walks and plays in the peaceful fields and groves of your domain, and I wish

84 RECEPTION OF THE WHITTIER PORTRAIT.

it were possible for me to accept your kind invitation, and to say a word of heartfelt honor to the man and poet whose genius and life and character you commemorate, and of filial regard for the beautiful city in which I was born.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BOSTON, *October 7, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I fear that I shall be unable to be present on the 24th of this month, when you will place the portrait of my dear and honored friend, John G. Whittier, in the hall of the Friends' Boarding School at Providence. I regret this the more because Whittier, after all his struggles and battles, cannot now enter into any society which does not promptly become a "society of friends." He has triumphed over all obstacles, and now stands, in the estimation of the American people, in the front rank of the poets of the nation, and in the front rank of the nation's moral inspirers. In his revered old age no voice is lifted against him, but all voices, of all parties and sects, join in one acclaim to celebrate the virtues and genius of the poet and reformer.

I have had the privilege of knowing him intimately for many years, and of doing all I could, through the press, to point out his exceptional and original merits as a writer. My admiration of his genius and character has increased with every new volume he has published, and every new manifestation of that essential gentleness which lies at the root of his nature, even when some of his poems suggest the warrior rather than the Quaker. One thing is certain, that the reader feels that the writer possesses that peculiar attribute of humanity which we instinctively call by the high name of soul; and whether

he storms into the souls of others or glides into them, his hot invectives equally with his soft persuasion mark him as a man: a man, too, of might; a man whose force is blended with his insight, and who can win or woo his way into hostile or recipient minds by innate strength or delicacy of nature. I think most of his readers, however much they may love and appreciate separate poems of this fine genius, so bounteously supplied with thought, fancy, and imagination, must still feel that the predominant impression which his writings leave on their minds is the impression of the noble, pure, strong, fearless man, John G. Whittier. Renewing the expression of my regret at not being able to attend your exercises, I remain very faithfully yours,

E. P. WHIPPLE.

TO AUGUSTINE JONES.

BROOKLINE, MASS., *October 16, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I must no longer delay a grateful acknowledgment of your kind invitation for the 24th inst. It would afford me sincere pleasure to be present at your Friends' School, and to witness the presentation of the portrait of Whittier. Placed as you propose to place it, between the busts of John Bright and Elizabeth Fry, it will have a companionship as enviable as it will be appropriate. Eloquence, poetry, and philanthropy will form an inspiring group for your scholars to have ever before their eyes, and may lead them to emulate what they admire. Such a tribute to Whittier is eminently deserved. His exquisite verses are among the treasures of American literature. They breathe a spirit of purity and piety which must wake an echo in the heart of every Christian, by whatever name he may be called.

Many of them, too, are full of patriotic fire, and will warm the hearts and kindle the courage of young and old in time to come as they have done in the past.

I rejoice that he is still with us to know how admirably and affectionately he is regarded, not only by "Friends," but by all to whom his brilliant genius and spotless character are known. Regretting my inability to be with you on the interesting occasion to which you so kindly invite me, and with every good wish for the success of your school, I remain, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

MR. AUGUSTINE JONES, A. M., Friends' Boarding School.

NEW BEDFORD, *October 19, 1884.*

AUGUSTINE JONES:

Dear Friend,—I thank thee for thy kind invitation to attend the reception on Whittier Day, 24th inst. I regret that engagements at home will deprive me of the pleasure of being present on that interesting occasion.

Truly thy friend,

JOSEPH GRINNELL.¹

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y., }
October 20, 1884.

DEAR MR. JONES,—I write to thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the reception of the portrait of the poet Whittier, at Providence, on the 24th instant. It is, unfortunately, impossible for me to accept it, as I sail on the 22d. I should have greatly enjoyed being present on so interesting an occasion, as I venture to think that among those who do honor to the bard of Amesbury at your meeting, few, if any, will

¹ Hon. Joseph Grinnell was a representative in Congress from Massachusetts in 1843, and during several subsequent terms. He was a personal friend of Daniel Webster. He has recently completed his ninety-sixth year.

admire his poetry more than I do. One of the pleasantest among the very many pleasant memories which I shall bear away with me from your country will be the evening I was privileged to spend with Whittier a few weeks ago. It could scarcely do other than recall the beautiful lines in his own "Prayer of Agassiz":—

"As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it;
Hopeful, wistful, full of cheer
And the love that casts out fear."

To me it seems that so long as the struggle between freedom and slavery endures, whether it has reference to color or to the right of private judgment in matters of opinion, so long will the lofty sentiments embalmed in song by Whittier be on the lips as well as in the hearts of our race on both sides of the Atlantic, and so long will he be recognized as the poet of freedom in the broadest sense. I would, in conclusion, apply to him the last verse in the lines on "G. L. S.":—

"Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
'Good and faithful, enter in!'"

Wishing you a very successful occasion, and with very agreeable recollections of my visit to your school,

I remain, yours truly, D. H. TUKE.¹

¹ D. Hack Tuke, M. D., LL. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London; Co-Editor of the *Journal of Mental Science*. He was visiting this country when he wrote the above letter.

GERMANTOWN, PA., 10th month, 21st, 1884.

AUGUSTINE JONES, *Principal of the Friends' School, Providence, R. I.*:

My dear Friend, — It would have given me much pleasure to be present at the reception of the portrait of John G. Whittier at the Friends' School, Providence, on the 24th inst., did not pressing engagements forbid it. Rightly to value and do honor to our great men was never more the duty of Americans than now. To withhold the worship once given to civil and hereditary position irrespective of character is well. To demand that great gifts and eminent service shall not shield any from being brought to the test of integrity and unselfish virtue is right. To find in the fact of manhood a claim to equality in civil rights, freedom of conscience, and due social consideration is a part of our heritage as citizens of a republic. But to award a generous and unstinted appreciation to what is high and noble in mind and moral character is to give what is justly due and what enriches us.

We who are absent, then, will unite with you in according our admiration and heartfelt regard to the moralist, whose "changed sense of duty" has ever been inspired by the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and the spirit of its author; to the patriot, who has been wont to raise a clarion note for the right, the true, and the merciful, who has cheered the darkest hours of our history with words of hope and courage prophetic of the victory of the good, and has poured condemnation on what was base and unjust; to the Poet, who has won an honored place among our three mightiest; to the man of letters, who has brightened the homes and lives of our people with the light of his verse, and

has spoken to the hearts of all classes ; to the Christian, who has drunk deeply of the spirit of the Master ; to the man we love and cherish as a friend, whose out-poured life has pervaded, uplifted our own.

Very truly thy friend,

JAMES E. RHOADS.¹

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, }
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *October 21, 1884.* }

MY DEAR SIR,— A meeting of our corporation on Friday next makes it impossible for me to accept your kind invitation for that day. I wish that you may worthily celebrate Mr. Whittier's genius and character. You cannot do him too much honor.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT.²

PRINCIPAL AUGUSTINE JONES.

WORCESTER, *October 7, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR,— It is a great honor even to be thought of in connection with an occasion devoted to the honor of Whittier. His verse has been a comfort and delight to countless multitudes, and will be so long as the English language endures. He has been a great purifying and ennobling force in our self-government.

It is well that the youth in your school should have before them the likenesses of two such men as Whittier and John Bright. But I cannot attend your celebration in person without neglecting pressing duties, whose call I must obey. I am

Yours very truly,

GEO. F. HOAR.³

¹ President of Bryn Mawr College for Young Ladies about to open near Philadelphia.

² President of Harvard College.

³ United States Senator for Massachusetts.

ONE ASH, ROCHDALE, *September 29, 1884.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It would be a great pleasure for me if I could be present on the occasion when you will unveil the portrait of your and my excellent friend J. G. Whittier.

I cannot write to you anything worthy of the day, and of the eminent poet whose services and whose fame you are about to commemorate, but I shall venture to send you a few lines expressive of the feeling I have towards him, and of the sense I have of the great value of his writings. I might fill pages if I were to point out the poems which have especially impressed me. I refer only to three of them which rest always in my mind.

“The Virginia Slave Mother’s Lament” has often brought the tears to my eyes; it is short, but is worth a volume on the great question which was settled twenty years ago by your great conflict, in which so much treasure and blood was expended to make freedom the heritage of your continent. Those few lines were enough to rouse a whole nation to expel from amongst you the odious crime and guilt of slavery. In the poem of “Snow-Bound” there are lines on the death of the poet’s sister which have nothing superior to them in beauty and pathos in our language. I have read them often with always increasing admiration. I have suffered from the loss of those near and dear to me, and I can apply the lines to my own case and feel as if they were written for me. The “Eternal Goodness” is another poem which is worth a crowd of sermons which are spoken from the pulpits of our sects and churches, and which I do not wish to undervalue. It is a great gift to mankind when a poet is raised up amongst us

who devotes his great powers to the sublime purpose of spreading amongst men principles of mercy and justice and freedom. This our friend Whittier has done in a degree unsurpassed by any other poet who has spoken to the world in our noble tongue.

I feel it a great honor that my bust should stand in your hall near the portrait of your great poet. Excuse this poor expression of my feelings. I wish I could write to you something more worthy of the occasion to which you are looking forward with so much interest.

Believe me, sincerely your friend,

JOHN BRIGHT.

TO AUGUSTINE JONES, ESQ., Friends' School, Providence, Rhode Island.

WHITTIER.

A face the children love — a quiet face ;
The dark and earnest eyes look forth to bless,
And fill the holy calm with pleasantness,
Adding to wintry age a cheering grace,
A smile that seems a sunbeam's hiding place —
A farewell smile ; and as, when day is done,
The warm autumnal glory of the sun
Pours through the shining halls of heaven's blue space.
A beard as white as hawthorn flowers in spring,
And holy as the prophets were of old ;
Lips sacred with the wisdom they have told,
And breathing love, and ready still to sing.
What wonder that the face so calm appears,
The gentle tongue hath stilled so many fears.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN., }
 October 23, 1884. }

TO AUGUSTINE JONES :

Dear Friend, — I congratulate thee and the institution under thy care that it is to receive so valuable a gift as a full-length portrait of the eminent patriot and poet whom all good men love and honor. Few, if any, of our poets have exhibited more of the inspiration of true genius. None have added to it the inspiration of ardent zeal for human rights, of sympathy for all that is sweet and tender in human affection, and of devout piety toward the Father of spirits, the Redeemer of men, and the Spirit of all goodness. It would give me great pleasure to be with the brilliant and happy assembly which will be present to greet the gift, but my engagements forbid, and I send my hearty congratulations.

Very respectfully, thy friend,

NOAH PORTER.¹

PROVIDENCE, *October 10, 1884.*

AUGUSTINE JONES, ESQ., *Principal :*

My dear Sir, — I am greatly indebted for your polite invitation to be present (with my family) at the reception of a portrait of John G. Whittier by the Friends' School on 24th inst.

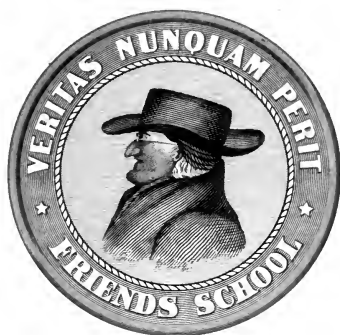
Whittier's verse has commanded my admiration and his character my homage for fifty years. But few, if any, uninspired pens have had greater influence over my thought and life. I shall try to be present with Mrs. Barstow.

Yours truly,

A. C. BARSTOW.²

¹ President of Yale College. This letter was received too late to be read at the meeting.

² A prominent citizen of Providence.

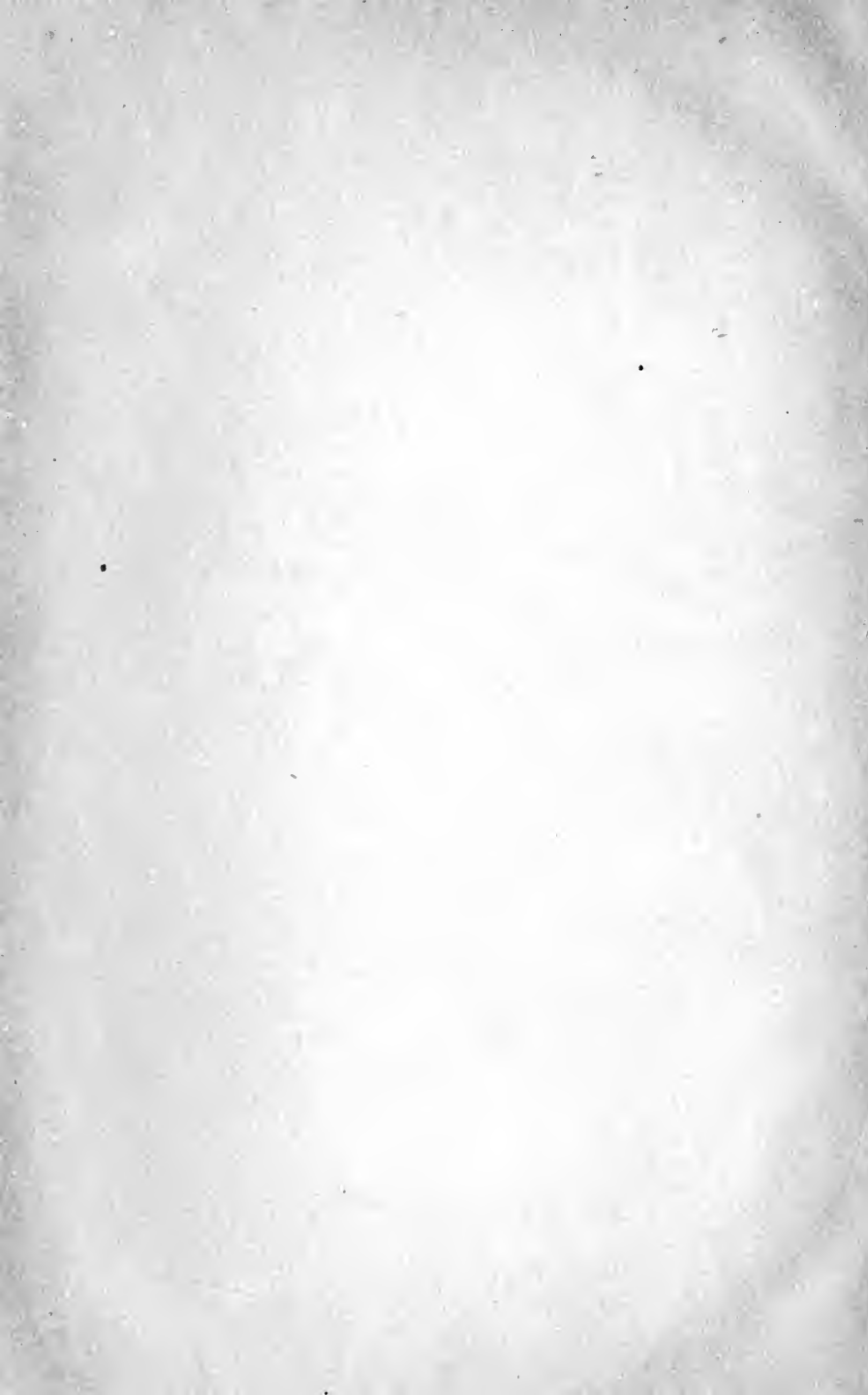


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